tigations, he heard, among the multi-tude of strange, yet familiar sounds from beyond the wall, a new one, and



Tears Came to Her Eyes and Look of Womanly Pity Swept Over Her Childish Face.

above him. Not needing to raise his head to assist his consciousness, he asked, "Who is it?"

"Me," came a musical voice.
"Who?" he asked again, with a puz-

zled face. auntie says I'm a tomboy. Do

you live here? My, what a pretty gar-den. May I come down?"
"Yes, come," he said, understanding

the request.

the request.

"Look out. No, I'll get the ladder. I couldn't climb back if I jumped."

A black-eyed, dark-haired sprite of 15 on top of the wall pulled up a ladder, lowered it, and clambered down.

"You're not polite; you might have helped me," she said, with a coquettish flirt of her curis as she faced the immovable boy, "What's your—Oh, I didn't know. I'm sorry."

boy felt the pressure of lips to his own, and this pure kiss of an innocent, childish girl—his initial experience—became a turning point in his life, for it outweighed every other influence and consideration known to him.

With the kiss still warm on his lips, he felt for the ladder, climbed to the top and called—repeatedly—the name he had heard: "Mary." He was not answered. But his sensitive ear distinguished the sound of retreating footsteps—long and heavy, light and pattering—with the lessening murmur of a sweet voice, which dwindled as he tering—with the lessening murmur or a sweet voice, which dwindled as he listened until it became as the tinkle of a distant bell, and when this was hushed in the silence of the summer night, he descended to the bench, feel-ing as might a lost soul, called to Paradise, only to receive sentence of doom.

"Stone blind and you never knew it." He repeated her last words again and again, for they rang in his ears. Others could see with their eyes, and he could not. Why? They could see things miles away and he could see but six feet. Why was it? Why had his father, from whom he had received everything, denied him this? And why, having denied him, did he prevent him from going out through the why, having denied him, did he prevent him from going out through the door, where perhaps, others would give him this wondrous faculty. It was wrong, unjust, shameful. Mary was kinder than his father.

As he thought of the generous sympathy of the girl, which he had felt without wholly appreciating, his bitter resentment toward his father increased to passionate rebellion.

resentment toward his father increased to passionate rebellion.

"Mary lives in a ship," he muttered.

"It has no garden. It can't be far." He climbed the ladder, raised it, lowered it to the other side and descended to the street. He was running away—looking for Mary and the wonderful unknown faculty of eye-sight. The patient labor of 18 years was undone in one short ten minutes by a warmhearted, irresponsible iconoclast in short dresses. A minute before, the father



now missing.
"Dere's a ship bound out tomorrer, two docks down," he said, as they started. "Is dat de one yer lookin-

Slowly, yet eagerly, the blind boy ascended the gang-plank, felt the grating and steps inside the rail, and descended to the deck, calling the name of the girl whose magnetic sympathy had enchanted him from home; but as the only settlen heard, was the as the only soul on board was the watchman, very properly sound asleep in a forecastle bunk on the last night of his job, the boy's call was not answered. Just abreast of the gang-way was the booby-hatch-house, which 'tween-decks" below.

to a "'tween-decks" below, formed by the extended poop or half-leck on which he stood. He felt the proximity of this hatch-house and reached it, finding in the after part a door unlocked, which he opened and called again for Mary.

Hearing no answer, he stepped in with his hands on the slidding hood above the door. But his foot encountered emptiness, the hood slid back from the pressure of his weight, and he fell heavily to the deck below, striking his head against a cask, and lay quiet. Toward morning he aroused to a half consciousness, crawled aim-"You're not polite; you might have beloed me," she sack, with a coquettish fire of her curis as she faced the immovable boy, "What's your—Oh, and one softly into the garden and without seeing the ladder, had looked to womanly sympathy swept over her childlish face. She half-chosed eyes.
"Sorry? What for?" be asked. "Sorry for you. I didn't know you were blind. Indeed I didn't."
"Blind? What is that? Why, you are a boy like me, aren't you?" Elmid. What is that? Why, you are a boy like me, aren't you?" I am is."
"No. I'm not a boy." she answered in lignantly, "I thought you were blind. Indeed in lignantly, "I thought you were blind. I might have in the fair of physical pain, if the men needed no encouragement. They saw the portent in the southern the temptines, the hood slid back from the pressure of his weight, and he fell heavily to the deck below, the firm of the saw find of the acase, and he fell heavily to the deck below, and the fell heavily to the deck below, the doctor of the part of the heavily to the deck below, the part of th

reflect would not covered, evolution and more of classes. The break of the second of classes with evolution and more of classes. The break of the second of classes with evolution and more of the second of classes. The break of the second of classes with evolution of the second of the second of classes with evolution of the second of the second of classes with evolution of the second of

"I must go." She moved toward the ladder. "Good by."

"Don't go," he cried, following her, "Bon't go, Come back."

She turned, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Oh, you poor boy-poor boy," she cried in a burst of infinite pity and grief. "Stone billind, and you never knew it." She kissed him again and with her great, sympathizing heart near to breaking its narrow confines, bounded up the ladder and over the wall.

Not once within his memory had the boy feit the pressure of lips to his own, and this pure kiss of an innocent, "Dere's a ship bound out tomorrer, or the demanded persistently to be taken in soul—he was merely a subject for forecastle wit and ridicule. But into the depths of his misery and helpless sound and motion beyond the power of his mind to grasp—when the old life sound and motion beyond the power of his mind to grasp—when the old life in the garden faded to a dream of another world, and even his father's voice would not come back—he carried the depths of his misery and helpless sound and motion beyond the power of his mind to grasp—when the old life in the garden faded to a dream of another world, and even his father's voice would not come back—he captured the depths of his misery and helpless of his misery and helpless sound and motion beyond the power of his mind to grasp—when the old life in the garden faded to a dream of another world, and even his father's voice would not come back—he captured the depths of his misery and helpless for his misery and helpless of his misery and helpless of his misery and helpless that the old woman finally call-the depths of his misery and helpless that the old woman finally call-the his sound—he was merely a subject for forecatle wit and ridicule. But into the depths of his misery and helpless that he old with the depths of his misery and helpless that he old with the depths of his miserous help he was a typical sound and motion beyond the not totter.

In the dreadful, stifling calm of the

r?"
"Does Mary live there?" asked the oy eagerly.
"Dunno; her name's Mary, I t'ink—
"Dunno; her name's Mary, I t'ink—"
"Dunno; her name's Mary, I t'ink—" "Does Mary live there?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Dunno; her name's Mary, I t'ink—Mary somethin'. Le's hurry."

They hurried—from different motives—and soon reached the dock, where, standing close up to the black, flaring bow of a full-rigged, deep-laden ship, Tim spelled out, in the light of a neighboring street lamp, the name "Mary Croft" in gilt letters on the topgaliant rail.

"Mary, sure 'nough," he said; "is dat de one?"

"Is it Mary?" asked the boy in a frenzy of excitement. "Mary," he called. "Mary, Mary, Oh, take me in, Tim; show me the way."

"C'm on," said Tim, laconically. He piloted him to the long gang-plank, placed his hands on the man-rope and said, "G'wan up; dat's de ship yer lookin' fur, I guess"—then sped to the dog fight.

Slowly, yet eagerly, the blind boy

glass to its place. "The barometer acts queer." He went below and returned in a moment—pale and earnest. "The mercury's below 29," he said.

"The mercury's below 28, he said.
"Shorten down to topsails before supper. I'm afraid of this."
"Look there, captain," answered the mate, pointing to the southern horizon. Sea and sky were merged in a filmy, translucent wall of light bluish gray, that shaded indefinitely into the color of the two elements. As they looked, it grew larger. The ship to the westward was taking in royals.

"In with the kites," said the captain, tersely.

"Call all hands," roared the mate as

"Call all hands," roared the mate as he sprang forward. "Starboard watch aft," he continued as the crew answered. "Let go royal am' t'gallant hall'ards, fore an' aft, an' clew up. Down wi' the flyin'-jib. Bear a hand, my lads, bear a hand."

The men needed no encouragement

lads, bear a hand."

The men needed no encouragement. They saw the portent in the southern sky and hauled, and worked, and multiplied themselves as only a shorthanded merchant crew can. The three royals were soon hanging in the buntlines and they manned the topgallant gear. The blind boy quickly furled his mizzen royal, and came down while the men were still tugging at topgallant clew-lines and bunt-lines. The mate saw him.

astonished that no one shared his joy-

astonished that no one shared his joyousness, was lifted up the side and placed on the deck. He looked around and staggered, until, shutting his eyes, he recovered his balance.

"Oh, papa, it's the blind boy," exclaimed a voice that he knew—which sent his blood leaping.

"Mary," he cried, "Mary, Mary, where are you? I can see now. I can see with my eyes."

She was at his side in an instant. With his eyes still closed, he felt of her face and hair, revelling in eestatic delight of the senses which remembered her; then, opening them, stamped his soul with her image, which he had not yet imagined. And it pleased his new-born sense more than any of the phantasms that had yet appeared to it; for Mary was a very pretty girl.

"I'm so glad," she said, simply, and drew away. This action was maidenly, and natural, yet it pained him immeasurably.
But next morning, freshened by sleep.

measurably.

But next morning, freshened by sleep, clean and dressed in clean clothes, he was more companionable and interesting; and as the great ship charged to ing; and as the great ship charged to the southward, the girl was teaching him that the masts were up and down, that the horizon was crossways, and that he could not grasp a schooneryacht, which was fast overhauling them, with his fingers. Then he told the girl and her father all that he could of his adventures since he left the garden. The account was not very clear, but enough so as to bring tears streaming down the face of the girl and a hearty burst of profane words to the captain's lips, which he averred, that the proper place for the Mary Croft, her officers and crew, was at the bottom of the sea. this change and motion. He realized that when he faced one way, there was little differential on—nothing but a slight sensation of motion that was pleasurable. In another position, there came sharply defined shocks which ir-ritated him. Facing another way, he felt a return of the pain and a lively hatred of the phantasm which accom-panied it. He turned away—instinctive-ly shutting his eyes, and the move-ment and all sensation ended. Then

Croft, her officers and crew, was at the bottom of the sea.

The schooner yacht ranged up on the ship's quarter and a clear, ringing voice sang out:

"Ship, ahoy. Have you seen the Mary Croft?"

"Struck by lightning yesterday and foundered."

When the voice came again, it was He felt of his eyes with his hand and a new phantasm blotfed out all others. Removing his hand took it away. He brought both hands together and repeated the experiment; then separating them and bringing them together,

ne opened them, and the phenomena re

again and again, the truth came home foundered."

"I see." he cried to the sky and ocean. "I can see with my eyes. I can see!. I can see!"

The optic nerve had been at work "Father," cried the boy. "Father,"

see!. I can see!"

The optic nerve had been at work since the lightning-bolt had jarred it into life, but he had just found it out. In his great joy he shouted with all since the lightning-boil had jarred it into life, but he had just found it out. In his great joy he shouted with all the power of his lungs—he wanted his shipmates to know, for even they, with the whole world, must rejoice with him. His shout was answered by a distant hail, and he turned and shouted again. Into his field of vision came a moving object, which slowly grew larger. He reached out his hand to touch it, but failed. He waited—shouting at intervals until the moving thing filled his eyes with its strange outline, then heard the voice again. "All right, my lad," it said, close to him; "hold on. In bow. Way enough. Back water, starboard. Got him?" Strong hands grasped him and he was lifted into a boat. "Who's left? Anyone else?" asked the voice.
"I can see," he answered; "I can see with my eyes."
"Poor devil, he's crazy. Back water, men; we'll look aboard if we can." "Where were you when she was struck?" asked the man nearest him. The boy was staring at the moving pictures filling his brain, which he knew must be men, like himself. For answer he shut his eyes, and felt the features of the questioner.
"Where were you when she was struck?" the man repeated.
"Struck? Yes, something struck me; I was on the main royal yard, and then I was in the water. I don't know. What was it? Who are you?" "Great God, sir," sang out the man, "he was on the royal yard when the mainmast went over."
"No wonder he's daft. Way enough, how?"

I'm here."

That yacht carried a double crew—she was manned to "carry on"—and a shout went up fror forty throats on her deck such as is seldom heard at sea.